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A GLIMPSE INTO THE "LONG AGO."

To those born and bred on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, where history is yet young and the "oldest inhabitant" has seen the foundation, rise and growth of cities, the ancient castles of Europe are objects of much curiosity, not unmixed with awe.

DUNOLLY CASTLE, DUNOLLY.

Their massive ivy covered walls that have endured siege after siege and withstood the storms and sunshine of centuries, their associations with the names and deeds of those giants of ages past whose memories have gained instead of lost through the intervening ages, tradition and exaggeration hiding the substratum of truth, as moss the castle walls—their commanding situation and appearance of desolation, all impress the western visitor in the deepest manner. And then if his mind is allowed to run over the history of those old countries during the period those walls have stood, what wonderful lessons are taught him! Amongst the richest in these associations of all parts of the British Isles is the County of Argyllshire, better known as "the Land of Lorne," the home of the Clan Campbell.

The ancient seat of the Campbells was Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe. The old castle has long since been destroyed and the one now standing was built in the year 1440 during the period of the wars of the Crusades. It is a ghastly ruin, picturesque at all times, but impressive in the moonlight, and grand when the mists cover the Loch, and the waves, impelled by the spiteful winds, lash the rocks at its feet. There it stands, a footstool to Ben Cruachan towering up behind it, the most perfect foreground possible for a mountain picture.

Even older than Kilchurn Castle is Dunstaffnage. The Pictish chronicles relate that previous to 843 it was the seat of Government, but that in this year Forteviot, in Perthshire, was selected in its place. It is probable this movement was caused by the attacks of the Norwegians, and that Dunstaffnage became the centre from which they robbed. It was here that the Scots transferred the celebrated stone called in Gaelic "Lia Fail," which they had brought with them from Ireland to the holy isle Iona, after they had wrested the supremacy of the country from the Picts. From this place it was removed to Scone Abbey, near Perth, and held a prominent place in the coronation of many Scotch kings, until carried away to Westminster Abbey by Edward I. of England and embedded in the seat of the famous coronation chair in which have sat the kings and queens of England, while on their heads were being placed the crown as a sign of royal authority, down to the time of Victoria now living. At the present the castle is a large square ruin commanding a magnificent view. It is built in a quadrangular form, eighty-seven feet square within the walls and has round towers at three of the angles. The walls are sixty feet high and nine thick; their outside measurement is two hundred and seventy feet. The castle surmounts a rock three hundred feet in circumference, and is entered from the sea by a stair-case, which probably belongs to more modern days, having been substituted for a draw bridge.

In addition to these old castles in Argyllshire there are Dunolly Castle, which, remaining loyal to King Charles I. in the great civil war in which the cavaliers and round heads took sides, withstood a siege by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery, and Ardtonish Castle perched on the top of an isolated cliff, grand and solitary. The whole country is full of similar associations, rendered the dearer and more familiar by the pen of Sir Walter Scott who lived to picture in poetry and prose the scenes of this north land.

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

WEARING BRIGHT FACES.

"Why don't you laugh, mother?" said a little three-year-old daughter, as her mother, with rather clouded countenance, was dressing the little one. The earnest tone of the child provoked the wished-for laugh, and the little heart was happy.

And, mothers, I fear we do not laugh enough. The house-keeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerves and temper, the servants most exasperating, and even John, kind good husband as he is, cannot understand our vexations and discouragements; and, so wearied and worried, we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if mother's laugh fails, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of one of Joanna Baillie's dramas—

Her little child had caught the trick of grief,
And sighed amid its playthings—

we may catch a glimpse of the stern, repressed life at Bothwell Manse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson." I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child, I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary even to exert the facial muscles, and you have to make a pitiful effort, which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel the better for the effort, and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and to themselves, are catching the very phases of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—parlor, nursery and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down though generations, as well as her frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands are forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give than, "She was always bright and cheerful at home."—*Lucy Randolph Fleming.*

KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE.

TYPE SETTING IN JAPAN.

It must be no joke to be employed in a Japanese printing office. In our own and most other countries of the world except China and Japan the language is written by means of an alphabet of several letters. Among the Celestials and their next door neighbors, on the other hand, each word has a distinct character. The compositor's difficulties in either instance are obvious almost at a glance. In setting up this note, he has the letters conveniently arranged before him in what is known as the "case." But in Japan according to an American contemporary, a full font of type comprises 5,000 characters, of which 3,000 are in constant use, and for 2,000 more there are frequent calls. Instead of being compactly arrayed before him, the type is disposed about the composing room on racks, and the unfortunate compositor has to wander up and down the room, setting his "copy" and stretching his legs, though he would probably be quite willing to dispense with the greater part of his enforced exercise. For the reason that it is impossible to apply the system of single character words to telegraphy, that inestimable boom to civilization is apparently unavailable to the inhabitants of Japan and China.

Temperance Department.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

(From Day of Rest).

I.

It was a dull, cold October afternoon; twilight was coming on, accompanied by small drizzling rain. In the drawing-room of a tolerably large house in one of the suburbs of the metropolis sat a lady, restless, and apparently uneasy in mind. Her eldest child, a little girl of some ten or eleven years of age, sat on a low stool near the glowing fire, stitching away at a piece of white work.

Mrs. Bates was not still for five minutes together. She would go to the window and look out in the gathering mist, as if expecting some one; then, heaving a sigh, she would return to her seat, only to start up again in a minute or two, to look out as before.

Little Mary was not surprised to see her mother so agitated; of late it had been no uncommon thing to see her so, and the child half divined the reason of it. "Isn't papa very late this evening, mamma?" she said.

"He is, dear, especially for Saturday I can't imagine what detains him."

Saturday evening was looked forward to most eagerly by the younger members of the family, for the sole reason that on that evening they were allowed to take tea in the drawing-room with their parents. On other days Mr. and Mrs. Bates dined alone at the tea hour, in consequence of Mr. Bates being engaged the whole day in business in the city. On Saturdays, his office was closed at midday, and accordingly the home arrangements respecting meal-times were altered, to the great satisfaction of the children.

The little timepiece on its marble bracket rang out the hour of six. "Papa is late," said Mrs. Bates, for nearly the twentieth time; then, pausing in her march to the window, she exclaimed, "Hark! what can those children be doing? Turning the house upsidedown, I should think. Mary, just run up and tell Ann I will come and—or, never mind, I will go myself." And as she ascended the stairs, peals of laughter and the clatter of childish feet scampering madly about made her brow grow dark. Mrs. Bates was not a good woman in the true acceptation of the term, and, her temper being already ruffled by her husband's non-appearance at the proper time, she did not feel in a mood to deal leniently with offenders. Moreover, the scene that was presented to her as she opened the nursery door was in no wise calculated to soothe her perturbed feelings. There were four children there, and a young, careless, rosy-faced nursemaid "fresh from the country."

Little Jessie, the eldest of the four, was seated on a high stool, poring over a picture-book, and apparently unconscious of the confusion that reigned around. Two little boys were playing at horses, scouring round and round the room at express rate. These were the young gentlemen who were creating such an uproar One was going full speed astride the poker, which made no slight noise, and likewise left jetty tracks crossed and re-crossed on the unearpeted floor; the other was flourishing an apology for a whip in the shape of an old doll, with which he most unmercifully belabored his brother's back, every blow shaking out a considerable amount of sawdust from the novel "whip," which fell in most undesirable showers upon the curly heads of the two laughing, romping youngsters.

The baby—a merry little fellow of ten months—sitting on the floor, ever and anon manifested his appreciation of the fun by uttering a loud prolonged crow of delight, stopping, during its delivery, in his attempts to tear to pieces Jessie's spelling-book, which, thanks to the ingenuity of the age, was "indestructible." The nurse, in the midst of it all, was quietly writing a pencil-note home, telling the old folks how well she and London agreed together.

Mrs. Bates's sudden appearance, and her emphatic ejaculatory "Well I never!" produced a startling effect. The nurse was covered with confusion, the two little lads stood in grotesque attitudes, as if petrified; only Jessie was calm. To snatch the poker from Master Johnny's hand and replace it in the fender was the work of a moment, and then the sawdust was sent flying out of Freddy's hair by a sharp, sudden box on the ears, and the two would-be equestrians retreated crestfallen to a corner to set up a low whining cry, but whether to shed tears was very questionable. Then Mrs. Bates found her tongue, and used it with remarkable energy to the innocent-looking nursemaid, who bore the tirade with praiseworthy resignation, all the while secretly grieving over the sheet of pink-edged paper, which she had reckoned would create such a sensation at home, and which was of course completely spoiled through her having to thrust it so expeditiously into her pocket.

"And you, Jessie," Mrs. Bates went on, turning to the little lady on the high stool, "I should have thought you would have known better."

"Mamma dear, I have been reading here all the time; I have not played once."

"Reading in such a place as this, eh? You are a little, stupid, dreamy thing, Jessie I'll turn over a new leaf with you children, I really will. Now don't let me hear you again, or you'll not get off so easily I promise you." And she departed.

"I'll turn over a new leaf" was one of Mrs. Bates's household phrases. She used it as regularly as her watch-key, and sometimes for a similar purpose. Did any part of the household machinery get foul and flag in working, she calculated upon winding the whole up to its normal condition of "going" by the use of that expressive threat.

As for the children, they knew it as well as they did their A B C, and the "twice-times" of the multiplication table. It fell dull and heavy on their ears as a thrice-told tale, and they had gradually ceased to notice it or be moved by it, more especially as of late it had been unaccompanied by those terrible illustrations which had adorned, or rather disfigured, the "leaves" turned over in times gone by, but still within their recollection.

As Mrs. Bates reached the drawing-room, the hall door was heard to open, shoes were noisily rubbed on the mat, and a heavy step ascended the stairs. It was Mr. Bates. He entered the room with a slow, careless, swaggering gait. He was a tall, fine-looking man, attired in a loose and not ungraceful style of dress, which well became him, and he moved and spoke with that air of nonchalance common to a certain class of well-to-do business men. But his face could not be called a pleasant one, for it was somewhat bloated and disfigured, and the eyes were dull and lustreless, no one could gaze long at him without coming to the conclusion that there was something wrong going on. Yet not so very long ago, that countenance was exceedingly attractive, and his genial smile irresistibly winning. He was changed. The truth was, he drank deeply, deeply. This was the grief that haunted his wife through the day, and disturbed her slumbers at night Even the children knew a little of it—for intemperance is a sin which cannot be hid—and their young faces would be sometimes clouded, especially little Jessie's. She was a quiet, delicate, thoughtful child, strange and 'old-fashioned' in her manners, and the family seemed to have an instinctive idea that she would be the first to go, and accordingly bestowed on her an extra amount of affectionate care. Most intensely she loved her father, and the happiest moments of her young life were spent when sitting on his knee, with her arms twined lovingly about his neck.

Mr. Bates made a slight apology for being late, as he saw his wife waiting tea.

"I could not think where you were, Aleck," she replied.

"Daresay not," he said, carelessly; "the fact is, I ought not to have come home at all, for I had a most pressing invitation to dine with an old friend who arrived in town today. As 'tis Saturday, I thought of Jess and the children; however, I must run out directly after tea, so let us have it with all possible speed, my dear."

Mrs. Bates did not reply, but turned and rang for the urn. In a few minutes a rush was heard on the stairs, and, laughing and chattering, the children came bounding in.

"Behave yourselves!" cried Mrs. Bates to the two boys, who had so recently undergone punishment, but who seemed to have as much remembrance of it as though it had been inflicted twelve months before. They took their seats, but their faces were all aglow with suppressed merriment, and papa's sayings were greeted with an unwarrantable amount of laughter Certainly he must have been uncommonly jocular that evening. Mrs Bates's face in the midst of it all relaxed not a muscle; she could see below the surface of things, and knew only too well the cause of her husband's lightsomeness.

"He will pipe a different strain," she said, mentally, "when he arrives home to-night." He said something to her about being "glum," and bantered her on her mopishness. She colored to have him speak so before the children, and retorted. Then followed one of those family jars which had so disturbed the peace of their home of late. It would be useless to record Mr. Bates's unmanly sayings, and the replies elicited from his annoyed wife, which would not prove interesting or edifying in the least degree. Jessie was very quiet, listening with pain to what was passing between her parents, and when at liberty to move, she ran round to her father, and, climbing his knee, laid her soft, pale face against his rough, bushy whiskers.

"Well, puss, what have you been doing to-day?" he asked.

"Sewing a bit, papa, and dressing my doll, and reading."

"Very nice work for a little lady." Jessie felt pleased to receive his commendation. After leaning there quietly for a while, she drew his head down and whispered—

"I want to speak to you quiet, papa."

"Well, my dear, go on." She hesitated. "What is it, Jessie?"

"Papa ducky" (this was the fondest term she thought she could possibly use), "will you turn over a new leaf?"

He started; such a request, coming from such a quarter, threw him momentarily off his guard, but recovering himself, he said—"There is no necessity for doing so, my dear. What has papa done wrong?"

"I don't know," replied Jessie, timidly; "but I think you might turn over a new leaf, somehow, papa."

He thought so too, but laughingly kissing her, he lifted her down, and rose to go out.

(To be Continued).

INHERITED INTEMPERANCE.

BY CHAS. B. KELSEY, M.D., IN "CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

Edgar A. Poe wrote some things which in the light of his private history read almost like the despairing cry of a lost soul, and reminded one of that pithy little sentence of Harriet Beecher Stowe's, that "many a man has exercised more moral force in trying to overcome the habit of intemperance than suffices to carry an ordinary Christian straight to heaven." For Poe was a drunkard, the victim of a mania which is just as much a form of insanity as any other, and a disease beyond the control of anything save physical restraint.

Such a disease has a cause, and it has sometimes seemed to me that, perhaps, the whole question of intemperance may yet have to be attacked, as it were, from behind instead of before, from the roots instead of the branches.

Why is it that one man handles liquor all his life and never comes to harm and another cannot touch it without ruin? Because one has more self-control and less appetite. But why? When that has been answered and forced home to the public, so that they cannot help but understand it, another blow will have been struck for abstinence. The answer lies deep in that law of inheritance by which, not only certain diseases, as cancer, are transmitted, but tendencies, feelings, taste and will.

Give a practising physician the history of the parents, and he will with equal certainty predict, not only the physical, but in part the mental and moral, traits of the children. Grapes do not grow on thorns. Strong wills beget strong wills, and appetites, appetites.

The father loves his glass and the pleasures of the table: the mother is fond and loving, but weak of will. In the next generation the appetite is strengthened and the will power diminished, and we have a child who takes naturally to the glass. And yet that father will challenge the world to show any harm liquor ever did him.

Let an epileptic marry a drunkard, and when an idiotic child is born nobody is astonished. Are the extremes true, and not the lesser degrees of the same thing?

It is not necessary for the father to be a drunkard to have a child who shall suffer from an uncontrollable desire for the cup

There is a class of facts familiar to every practising physician, which are not brought into the prominence they deserve in this connection. I refer to the mutual and reflex causative relation existing between intemperance and such diseases as insanity, epilepsy, and idiocy There are no less than five differents nervous diseases which may be traced directly to alcohol. They are all signs of race deterioration, as is a receding forehead or an undersized head.

A family reaches a certain point of development, and begins to degenerate. In the first generation there appears some of the slighter nervous troubles—hysteria or St. Vitus' dance; in the next we have more of the same thing and drunkenness; in the third, epilepsy, insanity, or crime; in the fourth, idiocy.

BEER FOR WORKINGMEN.

In England there is a man named William Bailey, a wealthy man doing a large business. He had once been a farm laborer. Some years ago, as he was walking across a hay-field he saw some men mowing, and he crossed over to them and asked if he might mow. One of the men said yes, and handed him a scythe. Soon one of them remarked: "Why, you have mowed before!"

"Yes, I have," said Bailey; "and at first I drank beer regularly; but while I was mowing and drinking my beer, the idea suddenly came to me that I could mow just as well without beer."

"Oh, I couldn't work without beer," said one of the laborers; "I couldn't get on."

"After I began to mow without beer, I soon discovered that I could get on without mowing," replied Bailey.

"We should like that very well," said the man.

"Oh, no, you cannot do without your beer, and you will go on mowing all your lives, without rising to anything better, just because you will have your beer."

There is many a workingman now putting all his savings into the hands of the saloon-keeper, instead of keeping them himself, and that is the reason he does not get on.

"I have backed as many as sixty tons of coal in a day since I took the pledge," said a London "coal whipper." "But before that, if I had done so much, I should hardly have been able to crawl home, and I should have been certain to lose the next day's work."

We might cite the testimony of masons, bricklayers, laborers, furnacemen, moulders, glass-blowers, sawyers, porters, plasterers, in fact all trades on sea and land, doing the hardest work, and exposed to the severest cold. These all do their work better without beer.

We often meet men who say: "I drink to make me work." To such a one, an old man replied as follows: "Hearken; I once was a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as the sun ever shone upon. But we drank ale to make us work. Those two lads now lie in drunkards' graves, and my wife died of a broken heart, and lies beside them. Our comfortable home is gone. I am seventy years of age, and because I used to drink ale to make me work, it makes me work now for my daily bread. Yes, drink, drink! and it will be sure to make you work."—*Union Handbill.*

AN OPIUM-SMOKER TIED TO THE LEG OF A BED.—The following incident is related by the Rev. J. R. Wolfe, an English missionary in China: Then there is the great city of Ku Tieng. Fourteen years ago no missionary of Christ had ever been there. A poor man came to me and said, "I am an opium smoker, and all my family smoke opium. What must I do?" I replied, "You must break off that habit before you can become a Christian." He then for three or four months placed himself under instruction, but he could not give up the opium. Again I informed him that he never could be admitted into the church until he gave up the opium. He attempted to give it up, and I never can forget the struggle of that poor man. When the time for smoking the opium came round he said, "I must have that opium!" and it was given to him. Then he said, "When the time comes around again, tie me to the leg of the bed, so that I cannot get the opium." They did so, and he thus overcame that inveterate habit. He was received into the church of Christ, and died a few months ago, an earnest and triumphant Christian.—*Christian Herald.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE USE OF MILK.

Dr. Crosby, of the Bellevue Hospital, pronounces milk an article of diet which all persons may use, under nearly all conditions. There are those who say that they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, &c., but he declares that this is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains in a form easy of assimilation all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly, and not poured into a stomach already over filled, as though it had in itself no substance or richness. New milk, he does not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in nearly every condition.

Perhaps it will require the addition of a spoonful or two of lime water. The addition of a little salt will often prevent the after-feeling of fulness and "wind in the stomach" which some complain of. If marked acidity of the stomach is present, then perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat; and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but ice-cold milk can be put into a very irritable stomach, if given in small quantities and at short intervals, with the happiest effects. It is used in cases of fever, which formerly it was thought to "feed," and when scalded it has a desirable effect in summer complaints.

But it is as an article of diet for people in health, and who wish to remain in that happy condition, that milk should be most appreciated. For the mid-day lunch of those whose hearty meal comes at night, or for the supper of those who dine at noon, nothing is so good. The great variety and excellent quality of prepared cereals give a wide choice of food to use with milk. Bread (with berries, in their season, or baked sweet apples), boiled rice, cracked wheat, oatmeal, hulled corn, hominy, taken with a generous bowl of pure cold milk, makes the best possible light meal in warm weather for children, and for all adults who have not some positive physical idiosyncrasy that prevents them from digesting it. The men of firmest health and longest life are the men of regular and simple habits, and milk is a standard article in such a diet.—*Golden Rule.*

PARENTAL CRUELTY.

Look at that young lady, nineteen years of age, who cannot read a newspaper without an eye-glass upon her pretty nose! She intended to go to Philadelphia last year to study medicine, but the failure of her eyesight prevented her from going, and her brightest hopes of the future are clouded over. At nineteen, too! Why? Because her parents were cruel to her. She liked to sit up late in the night reading fine print by a kerosene lamp, and they had the cruelty to let her do it. The worst possible cruelty is to let children have their own way, when their own way does them harm.

There is a lonely man in a handsome house, from whom his wife has fled, worn out by many years of abuse and violence, from babyhood to manhood, that was ruthlessly spoiled by cruel parents. They flattered him, laughed at his outbursts of passion, supported him in his rebellious and vulgar insolence at school.

With his little brain and his big passions, it was impossible to live with him on fair terms. It would have been less cruel to have killed him in his baby innocence than to have let him grow up so.

There are many forms of cruelty. Harsh words, harsh blows, hard fare, hard work, all these are sometimes cruel; but ordinarily the pain they inflict is of short duration. The cruelty of which we now speak may give pleasure for an hour, pain for seventy years, and shame for generations.

Remember this when you are crossed and denied. There are probably a million people in the United States—perhaps there are ten million—who would give half of all they possess to get the mischief undone which was done to them in childhood and youth by this kind of cruelty. Bad eyes; weak digestion; round shoulders; ruined teeth; early decay; low tastes; painful recollections; shameful ignorance; ungoverned temper; gloom; distrust; envy; meanness; hate; these all result from the cruelty of letting the young have their own way, when their way is wrong. There is no cruelty so cruel as that.—*Youth's Companion.*

FOOD FOR CHILDREN.

It is probably true that in this country more children are killed or made weakly for life by improper food, or over or underfeeding, than by any other cause, and this is the more unpardonable because the kinds of food which, for children, are the most wholesome and nourishing, are usually cheap and easily to be had and prepared. There are very few people in the United States so poor that they cannot get for their children, not only the right kind of food, but also plenty of it, so that here again we can only fall back upon the excuse, if we dare to call it such, of our own ignorance and thoughtlessness.

In almost every household the children habitually get sweet cakes and pies, hot breads, preserves, pickles, &c., which cost twice as much, both in money and in the labor of preparation, as would the plain, digestible food which alone is suitable for growing children; and yet it seems almost impossible for mothers to realize that in giving these things to their children, they are not only wasting time and money, but are also directly injuring their helpless little ones. It is certainly a very fortunate thing that nature provides for a baby, at its entrance into life, food which is all-sufficient for its needs, for otherwise it seems as if the ingenuity of ignorant parents would by this time have extinguished the human race. Even as it is, some mothers insist on giving babies all sorts of food, sometimes going as far as to believe, or say they believe, that a little of anything that they themselves can eat will not hurt the baby. A woman might as well say that the baby's little hands can do the work of her hands, as that its little stomach can do the work of her stomach; and the result of such treatment is that the baby pines, falls sick, is drugged with medicine, and, in nine cases out of ten, dies, the victim of its mother's ignorance.—*Hampton Tract.*

SLEEP FOR BABIES.

A very young baby can make no better use of its time than to spend it in eating and sleeping, and, for the first few months of its life, a healthy baby will do this, provided it is allowed to be quiet, is fed regularly, and not dosed with any kind of sleeping mixture, this latter being a practice which every mother ought to understand is senseless, wicked and utterly inexcusable. Up to two years of age, children should sleep twelve hours at night and an hour or two in the middle of the day; after that age, from ten to twelve hours at night is usually enough, though it is a good thing to keep up the habit of taking a nap in the daytime, until they are four or five years old. No child should sleep in the garments which it wears during the daytime, for they are filled with the moisture given off from the skin, but should be put into nice, sweet, dry nightclothes, while the day clothes are hung somewhere to air. Except in extremely cold weather, it is best for even very young babies to sleep alone, and the less they are rocked and shaken about the better. The bedclothes should be warm but light, and mothers should be very careful not to let their children get into the habit of sleeping with their heads covered up, for in this way they breathe over and over again the air which has been poisoned by their own little bodies. Plenty of pure air is absolutely necessary to health, and, in rooms where children sleep, the greatest care should be taken to have good ventilation. Draughts are, undoubtedly, bad things, but they are better than impure air; and children who are accustomed to plenty of fresh air and cold water are not likely to be hurt by an occasional draught.

Children should never be roused suddenly from sleep; and loud noises, or anything which may startle a sleeping child, should be avoided as much as possible, for, though children do not always show it at once, it is certain that their brains and nervous systems are sometimes very much injured by sudden shocks or frights. It will surprise anyone who has not tried the experiment, to see how easy it is to get a baby, which is otherwise properly cared for, into good habits in respect to its sleep, and how much difference these habits will make in the health of the child and the comfort of the mother. Wakeful nights with a baby mean fretful days for both baby and mother, and, except in the case of really sickly children, there is seldom any need for a mother to lose much sleep, for sleep is such an absolute necessity for children that nature forces them to take it, even under very unfavorable circumstances, and a little care on the mother's part in forming regular habits in a baby will generally ensure quiet, comfortable nights, and two or three hours of freedom during the day, when baby is taking its nap.

Put children to bed at the same hour every night, having first given them a sufficient quantity of proper food, and changed all their day clothes for loose, clean nightgarments. Let the air of the room be cool and fresh, the bedclothes light but warm enough for the season, have as little light and as little noise as possible, and you will find that "getting baby to sleep" is not after all so troublesome a thing to do. Where a mother is obliged to keep her baby in the same room with the rest of the family, she can often manage to screen off a corner, and avoid some of the light and noise, while the mere fact of undressing and putting a child into bed always at the same hour will of itself often ensure a good night's sleep. The nap in the daytime should be regulated in the same way, and instead of interfering with the child's sleep at night it usually makes it more quiet, as the effect of two or three hours' sleep in the day is to soothe and comfort the nervous system, thus increasing the chances for a good night's sleep. But, invaluable as sleep is to children, it should never be purchased with drugs or potions, or syrups of any kind, again and again should it be repeated to mothers and nurses that these things are all horrible poisons, and that the sleep that they bring is indeed the sister of death.—*Mrs. M. F. Armstrong.*

AUNT TABITHA'S FRONT-YARDS.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

Aunt Tabitha had two little front-yards. So she called them. They were mere nooks in reality, railed off from the sidewalk by an iron fence. They may have been twelve feet long and five feet wide. They had served various uses. They were boxes in which children played. Those fenced little nooks were receptacles for the gathering of all kinds of odds and ends, bits of paper and cloth that had gone astray and finally lodged down there. Aunt Tabitha had the garden-fever, and after its appearance in the back-yard, it broke out in the little front-yards. Aunt Tabitha declared that there should be a change. A dollar procured sufficient loam to make a decent soil, and another dollar paid for all the seed she wished to buy. A few bulbs and roots were given her by kind neighbors, and the cup of Aunt Tabitha's happiness was filled to the brim.

Aunt Tabitha distinguished the two front plots as the shady and the sunny yard, sometimes simply as "Shadow" and "Sunshine." There was a big, burly linden before one and it made all the difference in the world.

In the centre of "Sunshine" was a bed of mignonette with a thick border of sweet alyssum. That bed ultimately became a constant bouquet of perfume, and fragrance stole through the open parlor windows, making a sweet and delightful atmosphere there. This little bed was enclosed by bunches of drummond phlox, verbenas, geraniums, and dianthus hedewegii. In each corner was a tall gladiolus like showy candlesticks all aflame. At the window in the rear of the yard were festoons of ivy and nasturtiums, the brilliancy of the nasturtiums shining out vividly against the dark leaves of the ivy. There were the pretty eyes of the thunbergia opening amid the green tresses that wound along the fence.

But what about "Shadow?" In that yard it was so shady that even grass would become disgusted and quit. What could Aunt Tabitha put there? She could plant Madeira vines about the window at least. These she trained to run quite prettily in the form of a gothic arch. At the apex, she suspended a shield formed of the national colors. Aunt Tabitha was very patriotic. She was visiting a relative in the country one day, and improved the opportunity to secure a dozen ferns with their roots. Among the dozen, was a beautiful maidenhair (adiantum pedatum). She planted the ferns in the most shady part of that shady yard, and often was her fernery admired by the people passing. She secured many roots of the little plant commonly known as "money," and made them all the guests of "Shadow." One very thrifty tenant of "Shadow" was Wandering Jew. Aunt Tabitha became very much interested in its botanical name, Tradescantia, so called from Tradescant, the gardener of King Charles the first. She thought with pity of the unfortunate king walking his leafy, scented gardens, stopping to admire some luxuriant cluster of the plant that his gardener had specially petted. Aunt Tabitha thought that the king's gardener would enjoy the sight of her collection, all luxuriating in the shade, the silver-striped, purple-tinged, and plain varieties. Aunt Tabitha has had successful clumps of sweet alyssum and Adonis growing in shady places, and she means this year to plant both in "Shadow."

But there is the good work done for others. It is such a relief to passers-by when the littered, neglected little yards disappear, and leaves, and flowers, and perfume, and color are to be noticed instead. Specially do the neighbors feel the influence of Aunt Tabitha's good example. Their neglected yards disappear. Victor Hugo, in Les Miserables, makes a good bishop say, "The beautiful is as useful as the useful," adding, "perhaps more so." It certainly is illustrated in the work of a little yard that brings its owner such joy, so changes the aspect of a home, so comforts any chance beholder, and helps to renovate the looks of a neighborhood.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

PROTECTION AGAINST MOSQUITOES AND FLIES.—Quassia is used in medicine as a powerful tonic, and the chips are sold by chemists at from sixpence to a shilling a pound. The tree is indigenous to the West Indies and to South America. A young friend of mine, severely bitten by mosquitoes, and unwilling to be seen so disfigured, sent for quassia chips and had boiling water poured upon them. At night, after washing, she dipped her hands into the quassia water and left it to dry on her face. This was a perfect protection, and continued to be so whenever applied. At the approach of winter, when flies and gnats get into houses, and sometimes bite venomously, a grandchild of mine, eighteen months old, was thus attacked. I gave the nurse some of my weak solution of quassia to be left to dry on his face, and he was not bitten again. It is innocuous to children, and it may be a protection also against bed insects, which I have not had the opportunity of trying. When the solution of quassia is strong it is well-known to be an active fly poison, and is mixed with sugar to attract flies, but this is not strong enough to kill at once.—*Scientific American.*

STINGS.—The pain caused by a sting of a plant or insect is due to the acid poison injected into the blood. The first thing to be done is to press the tube of a small key from side to side to facilitate the expulsion of the sting and its accompanying poison. The sting, if left in the wound, should be carefully extracted. The poison of stings being acid, common sense points to the alkalies as the proper means of cure. Among the most easily procured remedies may be mentioned soft-soap, liquor of ammonia (spirits of hartshorn), smelling-salts, washing soda, quicklime made into a paste with water, lime water, the juice of an onion, bruised dock leaves, tomato juice, wood ashes, and carbonate of soda.

FOR POISON.—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly a half glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it. This vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach. But, for fear some of the poison may remain, swallow the white of one or two eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee—these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any other dozen of articles known, with the advantage of their being usually on hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil, drippings, melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

FOR A DAMP closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in it a saucer full of quicklime, and it will not only absorb all apparent dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight or as often as it becomes slaked.

TO REMOVE grease from wall paper. Lay several folds of blotting paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

THE CAVE OF PAN.

A TALE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

CHAP XIII.—RESCUED.

At the moment the priest set hands on Miriam, Lucius advanced,

"It is unlawful for you to mishandle the Christians," he cried; wot ye not that they are under the Emperor's protection?"

"The Emperor has not refused to allow our sacrifice to Pan," said the priest angrily, without loosing his hold on Miriam.

"As for this Pan, know ye not that he is dead these many years? Have ye never heard that as some persons were sailing from Italy to Cyprus, in that year that the Christ was crucified, the ship's pilot did hear a voice crying, 'Thamus! Thamus! lo, the great god Pan is dead!' And forthwith there was a great calm, so that the ship stood still in the midst of the sea, till the pilot had proclaimed that Pan was dead; and on all sides there rose up shrieks, and sobs, and sighs from the spirits who had lost their god: for your Pan, who is none other than a demon, was overthrown by the Blessed One."

The speaker was Astyrius, who seeing what was happening as he was about to cross the bridge, had leapt from his horse and rushed into the midst of the excited group.

"And who art thou who darest to slander the gods of Rome, and to repeat fables which cannot be believed?" asked the priest.

"I am the Roman senator Astyrius," answered the Roman: and in the name of the Emperor I command you to forbear."

"We do not acknowledge your authority," answered the priest, as, beckoning to another they seized Miriam, and without waiting to bind her, flung her into the deep dark water.

Astyrius fell on his knees. "O Thou Christ, who canst save those who trust in Thee, I beseech Thee, save this Thy servant, and deliver her from her persecutors!" As he spoke, the sun blazed up for a moment ere setting, and shining in the mouth of the cave, showed Marcus, who had worked his way to the edge of the cave, that the body of Miriam had risen to the surface, and so close to the edge that, though with difficulty, he drew the senseless form to shore.

The priests would have withdrawn him and have cast their victim in again, but the secret friend of the Christians, who had tried to save Miriam from suffering, by suggesting that she need only sacrifice to Cæsar, came again to her help.

"Nay, see you not that the spirit has rejected his sacrifice? When was it ever known that the victim did not sink? Truly the noble senator is right, the great Pan is dead!"

Then Astyrius, seizing the happy moment, whilst some were compassionately trying to revive the helpless woman, and others were wavering, spoke to them of Him at whose coming the powers of darkness had dispersed, who was the God of love, not of fear. So warmly, so nobly did he speak of Him whose holy feet had trodden that sacred soil, that those who had wavered, wavered no longer; from all who were present and who had seen Miriam's rescue, came the cry which Lucius began,—"Blessed be the Christ who hath overthrown the demon Pan!"

Abashed at the cry, the priests of Pan fled away, knowing but too well how rapidly popular opinion changes. Whether then the temple was thrown down, or whether it only fell from want of care and repair, we know not; but it is said by one who was a bishop in this place a hundred years later, that this day ended the service of Pan and the sacrifice in his grotto.

And what of those whom this day had converted from followers of devils to followers of Christ, who after a long preparation were admitted into His church by baptism?

Many of them sealed their faith with their blood in the later persecutions. Of none of them has earth preserved any records; but all who suffered as they did shall be known when the secrets of all hearts are revealed.

Ruined and desolate lies the centurion's garden, undistinguished from other spots in the luxuriant wilderness. Fallen is the splendor of the city, but still above its picturesque ruins towers the mighty Hermon, "The Holy Mountain."

Modern research has proved that the Cave of Pan is not supplied in any mysterious manner from the stagnant pool at Phiala, and that a deep valley lies between. None of the people can tell anything about the sylvan god Pan, yet toward nightfall none of the country people pass the groves he was supposed to frequent without hanging up shreds of their garments to gain favor with the spirits which they suppose still haunt them And still in its modern name of Baneas is preserved the ancient Panias, or city of Pan. FRANCES H WOOD.

I COMMAND YOU TO FORBEAR.

A STORY OF THE WALDENSES.

During the persecution of the Waldensian Church in the year 1655, Joshua Gianavello, a native of the valley of Rora, with six of his peasant neighbors, put to flight an army of five hundred Piedmontese.

The approach of the enemy had been so swift and stealthy, that the soldiers were already descending upon the town of Rora when Gianavello first caught sight of them. It was too late to give the alarm, and the brave man, seeing no alternative, set forth alone to meet the advancing army, hoping to gather a handful of friends around him on the way. Six men, whose hearts like his own were filled with faith in God and love for their country, joined him, and having made their way up the hill unperceived by the enemy, they concealed themselves amongst the bushes near the path. Taking careful aim as the Piedmontese marched past, Gianavello and his companions each shot down a man. Quickly changing their position, they repeated the attack, and seven more of the Piedmontese fell dead. The soldiers, unable to see their assailants, whose knowledge of the ground enabled them to move from point to point with wonderful rapidity, supposed themselves to be surrounded by a large troop of peasants, and began a hasty retreat, followed by their invisible enemies. They made good their escape, but fifty-four dead bodies left upon the mountain side testified to the bravery and skill of Gianavello and his little band of peasants.

Surely the inhabitants of the Waldensian valleys might say as did Jonathan of old,—"There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."

—*Ex.*

CATCHING SUNSHINE.

My next-door neighbor's little girl,
A cunning two-year old,
Wondered one day why drooped her flowers,
And pleaded to be told.

Then said her mamma, "Here in-doors,
The sunshine does not come,
To warm and bless and gladden them,
And make them feel at home."

Next morning, when she went to seek
Her darling at her play,
She found her standing in the sun,
In just the queerest way.

For there she held aloft a cup
Above her pretty head;
"What are you doing, Lulu dear?"
Mamma, astonished, said.

And she, her cup still held aloft—
Bless her, ye heavenly Powers—
"I'm catching sunshine, mamma dear,
To give my 'ittle flowers."

Type of all children there was she
Who in life's garden stand,
Still holding tenderly aloft,
Their life-cup in their hand.

We, buried in our sordid cares,
Are plants that droop and die;
They catch God's sunshine as it flows
Forever from on high.

Upon our weary, aching hearts
They let its blessing fall
Their office this in every land,
In cottage, hut, and hall.

And so the world is kept alive,
And freshened every minute,
By the dear grace that overflows
The children who are in it.

—*The Baltimore Presbyterian.*

SOME WONDERFUL PONIES.

In 1865, Mrs. L—— sent a Scotchman to the Shetland Islands to buy ponies for her, but with instructions not to bring any one that was over forty inches in height. After six months he returned with Lucy, Rebecca, May Ensign and Jessie; he had bought a fifth, which died on the passage, but it was thought very fortunate that he was able to get four to America; they are rarely transported safely, the change in food being so great. This man, however, wisely brought enough of their own food to get them safely to America without any change being necessary. The food was dried fish and sea-weed! This seems strange food for horses; but these ponies utterly scorned grain, grass, or hay, until they found they could have no more fish to eat.

Lucy, the eldest, is a black pony, so old that her head is gray, and so gentle that nothing can startle her, and she is always ready to be driven or ridden by children. Rebecca, a brown, is often called grandmother; she is so very staid and correct that she never will stray away, no matter how many

IONA—(see first page.)

gates are open, and will even virtuously pass by the gate of the kitchen garden if it happens to be open—a temptation that the others never try to resist. Rebecca has a great affection for a very large family horse named George, and, during the summer, it is one of the sights of the place to go to the stable and see George and Rebecca keeping each other free from their common enemy, the fly. Rebecca will stand by the heels of George, whisking her tail around his legs, and he will swing his heavy tail about her body, performing the same kindly service of driving the flies away; they stand in this way for hours, keeping each other very comfortable.

May Ensign, also brown, is the swiftest pony in the collection; and these last-mentioned ponies, Lucy, Rebecca, and May Ensign, are thirty-eight inches in height. Jessie is the prettiest; she is mouse-colored, with a dark line from mane to tail, and is smaller than the others, being not quite thirty-eight inches high.

Here also we find the twin brothers, Henry Ward Beecher and Charley, only thirty-six inches high; they are so perfectly matched that you cannot tell them apart. They came to Buffalo four or five years ago, with a drove of sheep from Scotland; the drover brought them with him, meaning to take them West; but, upon reaching Buffalo, he found them so emaciated that he feared to take them farther, and sold them to a gentleman in the city, who afterward sold them to their present mistress. They are justly considered one of the most curious sights of the place, and when their mistress appears in the park with the twins, as leaders in her "four-in-hand," do you wonder that the children think that there never was such a wonderful equipage seen before! The grown people think so, too, judging from the great number that invariably follow her as she sits in her little carriage (made in London to suit the smallest ponies) and drives along, sometimes with a child beside her, of whom, perhaps, she does not even know the name, but who "wants to wide," and with her groom sitting behind in the rumble. But we have not yet mentioned the three ponies which are considered by their mistress as her "gems." On the tape-measure find thirty-two inches; that is the height of a fine little bay pony, Frank Tracy. Now look at this beauty, Agnes Ethel, the most perfect little animal, and only thirty inches high; and at this other fellow, George Washington (so named, because it was a Centennial colt), of the same height as Agnes Ethel, thirty inches. Does it seem possible that such ponies are in daily use in a prosaic, matter-of-fact country like ours? But they really are, and many strangers go to see them; and, I presume, some of you children may have heard of them before; and any of you can see them, if you like, and ever come to the good city of Buffalo.—*Josephine Norman, in St. Nicholas.*

ARDTONISH CASTLE.

CAST A LINE FOR YOURSELF.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodging."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the young man, the fisherman said:

"I fulfil my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in foolish wishing, but cast a line for yourself."—*Ex.*

PRINCE BISMARCK'S DOG.

Mayfair tells an amusing story about Prince Bismarck's favorite dog, "Tyras," who nearly altered the course of European politics by partially eating Prince Gortschakoff. This animal has just distinguished himself in a new way. A friend of the German Chancellor called upon him very early to present his compliments and congratulations on the betrothal of his daughter. Prince Bismarck was dressing, and in the meanwhile the visitor was shown into the drawing-room. To him entered Tyras, who, after sniffing round his leg in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner, suddenly made for his hat and deposited it on the door-sill. This hint, coming from such a quarter, was not to be disregarded, and the visitor took his hat and fled. He said he would call again when the Prince was up.

RAT, CAT, AND DOG PLAY.

An old soldier told the following story, which, although very peculiar, may be accepted as absolutely true by our readers:—"There was an officer in my regiment who had a dog and a cat, and I had a rat, and he used to tell the cat to pick up the rat, and then he used to tell the dog to pick up the cat, and off they used to go to the mess-room, the dog carrying the cat and the cat carrying the rat." "But didn't they hurt each other?" He said, "Oh no! when they got to the mess-room, the officer told the dog to put down the cat and the cat to put down the rat, and they used to have a play together; and after a while he would say, 'Now we must be off,' and the cat picked up the rat, and the dog picked up the cat, and home they went."

The Family Circle.

IN GALILEE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Master walked in Galilee,
Across the hills, and by the sea,
And in whatever place he trod,
He felt the passion of a God.

The twelve who deemed him King of men,
Longed for the conquering hour, when
The peasant's robe without a seam
Should be the purple of their dream

Yet daily from his lips of love
Fell words their thoughts as far above
As wisdom's utmost treasure, piled
Upon the stammering of a child

Like frost on flower, like blight on bloom,
His speech to them of cross and tomb;
Nor could their grieving spirits see
One gleam of hope in Galilee.

What booted it that he should rise,
Were death to hide him from their eyes?
What meant the promised throne divine,
Were earth to be an empty shrine?

Low drooped the skies above the band
Too dull the Lord to understand,
Alas! as slow of heart are we,
Abiding oft in Galilee.
—*S. S. Times.*

CHATTER-BOX AND CHATTER-BAG.

BY A. P. C.

Doubtless you all know what a chatter-box is, but are any of you acquainted with a chatter-bag? I do not think the word is in the dictionary, and yet the article exists. Perhaps you would like to hear how it came to be invented.

Once upon a time a young lady, whom we will call Miss Matilda, entered upon her duties as teacher in a large school. There were about fifty girls in her department, and she had to be somewhat of a disciplinarian to keep them all in order. But things, on the whole, went quietly, until one morning a pleasant-faced old lady appeared, and introduced as a new pupil her granddaughter, Anna Maria Spilkins.

Anna Maria S. was eleven years of age. She was a graceful little person, with large round blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a quantity of short, curly, golden hair. Her face was very bright; she had the appearance of being uncommonly clever. But she was eminently a chatter-box.

This fact soon made itself felt. Miss Matilda had scarcely placed her at a desk, and bowed Madam Grandma out of the school-room, when the chattering commenced. Anna Maria leaned over and whispered something to the girl on the right hand, then something to the one on the left, then a word to the one in front of her, then a word to the one behind her. Miss Matilda looked at her gently, then gently reprovingly, then reprovingly, then sternly, and all the glances were totally lost on Anna Maria. Miss Matilda benevolently thought, perhaps this child has never been to school before.

"Anna Maria," she said, in a serious tone.

"What, ma'am?" said Anna Maria, looking up with perfect innocence in her clear blue eyes.

"Did you ever attend school before?"

"Oh dear yes! Why, I went when I was only three years old. First I went to Mrs. McToole's, and then I went to Miss Smith's, and then I went to Mr. Brown's, and then—"

"There, that will do," exclaimed Miss Matilda. "You can tell me the rest some other time. What I wish to know now is were you allowed to talk as much as you pleased in those schools?"

"Well, I don't know as I was," replied Anna Maria, looking down, and blushing a little.

"The rule here," continued Miss Matilda "is silence. I hope, my dear, that you will never speak except when it is absolutely necessary."

"Yes, ma'am," said Anna Maria, in a subdued tone, after which she closed her lips very tightly.

Miss Matilda called up the first class in geography, and proceeded to hear the lesson. In about five minutes her keen ear became conscious of a faint whispering sound. She glanced quickly in the direction of Anna Maria; evidently it was her little tongue that was wagging. But it was wagging very gently, and its waggery was addressed to one of the best girls in school. Miss Matilda thought, perhaps she is asking some necessary questions; I will not be severe with her the first day. So she said nothing But in five minutes more the whisper had risen to quite a buzz, and Miss Matilda detected distinctly the words, "White, with three flounces, and a new pink sash."

"Anna Maria?" she exclaimed.

"What, ma'am?"

"Did I not tell you that you were not to speak unless it was absolutely necessary?"

"Oh dear yes! I beg your pardon, teacher. I forgot all about it."

"Well, my dear, I trust you will be perfectly quiet now."

"Yes, ma'am," said Anna Maria, very meekly. She closed her lips tightly again, and was quiet—for about five minutes.

Miss Matilda thought, to-morrow, when she has her lessons to recite, it will be different.

But Miss Matilda was mistaken; to-morrow, when she had lessons to recite, it was exactly the same.

Chatter, chatter, chatter, Anna Maria kept it up day after day, from one end of the week to the other. The industrious girls were seriously annoyed by it. To the idle pupils it was a new excuse for idleness; to the silly ones, a new excuse for giggling And punishment seemed to make no impression on Anna Maria. Again and again she was ordered to stand up in the corner She went meekly and stood there, and in two minutes was chattering with the girl who sat nearest to her. She was told to stay in after school a quarter of an hour; half an hour; an hour and a half. She never put her head down on the desk and cried, as some of the girls did when they were kept in; she staid her time out quite cheerfully, and chattered with all her fellow-culprits. Miss Matilda thought, this child is simply distracting.

Then she made a rule that Anna Maria was not to speak to any person in the school excepting her teacher. And what was the result? At all hours of the day, in the midst of the most important business, Miss Matilda would be interrupted with talk similar to the following:

"Oh, teacher, may I speak to you one minute?"

"Certainly. What is it?"

"I just want to tell you about my cousin Susie's new doll. You ought to see it; it is perfectly splendid!—wax face and hands and feet, and real hair, and—"

"Anna Maria, have I not told you repeatedly that you were not to speak about anything except what was absolutely necessary? Now do you think that such conversation is necessary?"

Anna Maria hung her head a little, and then she said, in a sort of apologetic way, "Well, teacher, it may not seem so, but really it is necessary for me. You see, I get thinking about something, and I can't stop thinking about it until I have told it to somebody else."

"Well, and when you have relieved your mind in this manner, at the expense of peace and quiet to the whole school, what then?"

"Oh, then I think about something else."

"Yes, and then you wish to chatter about that."

"But really, teacher, I can't help it. I always was so. Grandma says I talk more than all the rest of the family put together. In fact, the family have to be quiet because I talk so much. I always did, you know. It is one of those things that can't be altered."

"Ah," said Miss Matilda, a little dryly, "I was not aware of that. Thank you for the information. I am sorry you did not tell me before."

One bright December afternoon, when school was about to be dismissed, Miss Matilda arose and said:

"Girls, I have decided that this class is to receive a Christmas present—something which will be useful and agreeable to you all. As this article (which I will not at present name) requires some very neat sewing, I have further decided that Miss Anna Maria Spilkins, whom I heard mentioned as an excellent needle-woman, shall have the honor of making it."

The girls applauded, and Anna Maria looked very proud.

"Anna Maria," continued Miss Matilda, "do you think your grandmother has a nice piece of calico at home, about a yard and a half long, which she could let us have?"

"Oh, dear, yes," replied Anna Maria. "Why, she has lots. Last winter she made a patchwork quilt, and she went down to New York and bought everything new for it. Aunt Jemima thought she could have used some things that were in the house, but she thought she couldn't—and you never saw the like! One yard of this, and two yards of that, and three yards of the other—enough to make half a dozen quilts—and every bit of it perfectly lovely. Oh, there is one piece that is just splendid! It is pink, with flowers of every color you can think of all over it. It is so bright you can hardly look at it."

"That would be the very thing. Do you think she will let us have it?"

"Oh, I guess so. I'll talk her into it; you depend on me for that."

"Very well. And to-morrow you will bring with you the calico, a yard and a half of alpaca braid to match, and your sewing materials."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Also, a large brass-headed nail and a hammer."

"Why, what is that for?"

"You will see when the time comes. And you will be excused from your lessons in the last hour on Thursday and Friday, so that you can do this piece of sewing in school."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Anna Maria was delighted. She felt herself a very important personage; besides, she had something new about which to chatter. Some of the other girls, however, were quite sulky over the affair. "I don't see why one of us couldn't do it," said one. "Miss Matilda is dreadfully partial," said another. "Yes, she lets Anna Maria Spilkins do anything she likes," said a third. But all were equally curious about it. "I do wonder what it can be," was heard on all sides.

The next morning Anna Maria arrived, bundle in hand. With great pride she spread out its contents. The girls were fairly dazzled with the beauty of the pink calico. In the afternoon, at the beginning of the last school hour, Miss Matilda said, "Anna Maria, have you brought the things we spoke of yesterday?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Anna Maria, stepping up to the desk.

Miss Matilda examined them with satisfaction. "Now, Anna Maria, take that brass-headed nail in your left hand, and the hammer in your right."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you notice that bar of wood along the wall, about five feet from the floor?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now measure carefully, and find the spot exactly over the middle of your desk; then drive the nail in."

Anna Maria obeyed. The hammering resounded strangely through the quiet school-room. When this piece of work was over, Miss Matilda folded down the pink calico, and marked out two long seams to be run and felled. Anna Maria took the sewing to her seat, and stitched away complacently, while the other girls fretted and growled over "that horrid grammar lesson." When school was over, she brought the work to Miss Matilda, who put it away carefully in her desk.

"Ah, teacher, do tell us what it is!" some of the girls exclaimed.

"I think you will see to-morrow," Miss Matilda answered, quietly.

The next afternoon Anna Maria resumed her work.

"I do believe it is going to be a bag," whispered one of the girls, who was watching her.

"Why, yes, so it is," said another. "But what can it be for?"

"Do you think Miss Matilda could mean to have a Christmas grab-bag for us?" asked a third.

"I don't know why she should," said a fourth; "I don't see that we have been so awfully good as all that."

But a bag undoubtedly it was. Half an hour before school was over, Anna Maria had finished the string-case, and run the piece of pink alpaca braid through it. The work was done. She walked to the desk triumphantly, and presented it to her teacher. Miss Matilda examined it, commended the sewing, and then handed it back to her.

"And now, Anna Maria," she asked, "do you know what this bag is for?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you no idea?"

"No, ma'am."

"It is to put your head in! In future I shall never reprove you for talking. You may talk as much and as often as you please, but all you say must go into this bag. When it is quite full of talk, draw the string tight, so that not one word escapes, and bring it to me. Then I will empty the chatter out of the window, where it will disturb no one, and return you the bag, to be refilled whenever you choose."

A wild shout of laughter rang through the school-room. Anna Maria turned crimson, and dropped the bag. She would have been glad if the floor had opened and swallowed her. She could make no answer—for once in her life she was dumb.

"Pick up the bag, Anna Maria," said Miss Matilda, "and hang it on the nail above your desk."

Very slowly and unwillingly the little girl obeyed. She took her seat, and then, for the first time since she came to school, put her head down on her desk and cried. Miss Matilda took no notice; she merely called the second class in grammar, and resumed the lessons.

When school was over, and all the other girls had gone, Anna Maria lifted her head and exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, teacher, I can't stand it! Do let me take that hateful bag away!"

"No, my dear," said Miss Matilda, gently. "For three months you have disturbed the entire school with your perpetual chatter, and now for three months that bag is to hang over your desk. If by the end of that time you have learned to control your tongue, the bag shall be removed—not otherwise."

But it was strange to see how the three months changed her. Miss Matilda never again needed to say one word to her about talking; one glance at the bag was more efficacious than a dozen scoldings had been formerly.

Moreover, when her grandmother met her teacher, she said, "Oh, Miss Matilda, how Anna Maria has improved of late! She used to be such a terrible chatter-box: we sent her to school when she was only three years old, because we could not endure the noise of her tongue, but now she is growing so pleasant and sensible that we all enjoy her company.—*Harper's Young People.*

PAYING HIS OWN WAY.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Milton Ainslie closed his grammar and lexicon, folded his neatly-written exercise carefully, and piled his books on the corner of the shelf. Then he went down to the cellar for coal and wood to kindle the morning fire, and finally he shut and bolted the doors back and front, fastened the windows, and, everything being done, came and seated himself, great lad though he was, beside his mother's knee. He was fifteen years old, tall and strong, but he was not ashamed to show his mother that he dearly loved her. She passed her thin hand caressingly over his tangled mass of brown curls, and he reached up for it and touched it to his lips. Thus they sat, when a slow step came down the stairs, and Milton's father entered the room.

"Ah, my son! Making love to your mother as usual, I see! Well, you couldn't be in better business," said Mr. Ainslie, smiling, Yet even while he smiled, a shadow came on his face, and presently he sighed.

"My dear!" said the wife anxiously, "you are worn out. You are working too hard."

"Oh, no," he answered cheerily, "my article is nearly done and I have finished the last batch of books, but even book-reviewing grows monotonous sometimes. Milton, I have received a good offer for you. Sheldon & Wright will take you in as clerk, with a small salary only, while you are learning the routine of the office; but the prospect is a fine one. Mother knows that I see no way of paying your Academy bill for the next year."

"Yes, Milton, as father says, we are very poor. That interest keeps us down, and if you go to Sheldon's, you could board at

Uncle Neil's, and it would cost very little, and—"

The mother stopped. She could not go on, with those sorrowful eyes fixed upon her face: She knew, too, what the sudden paleness and the resolved set of the lips meant. Boy though he was, Milton Ainslie had a strong will, and could stand by his purpose.

"Do you and father want to get rid of me?" he enquired.

"Can you ask?" said his father.

"Well, then, I will go on and do as I have always said I would, prepare for college. And then go through it, and study for a profession. With an education, I can conquer circumstances. Without it, I shall be a bit of drift, for I have no head for trade. Father, I'll pay my own fees after this."

"My boy, how can you? Believe me, it costs me much to seem to oppose you, but people are even now commenting unfavorably upon me in keeping you with Professor Fairlie, while Jennie and Mabel are at Miss Bacon's, and the little ones are still to be educated. Everybody in Brierton is aware that I am no longer under a salary."

Mrs. Ainslie spoke before her son could answer.

"I do not think in a matter which affects all Milton's future that we should be guided by the criticisms of strangers. Jennie and Mabel have their aunt's little legacy, and that will carry them through. Brierton is a gossiping place, but I care little for its gossip," she said.

"Well, leave it to me," was Milton's last words, as he said, "good night."

The parents sat and talked awhile over the fire. They were aristocrats both, and had been used in younger days to wealth. Of late they had been struggling with poverty and were growing discouraged. Some of the practical people who are always at hand with advice, had been talking to Mr. Ainslie, who was sensitive and impressible, about his folly in keeping Milton at school.

"The boy should go to work," they said, ignoring the fact that there are many kinds of work in the world, and that some can do one kind and some other.

Milton went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning he was up early doing the various chores, assisting to get the breakfast, and holding the baby while his mother stirred up batter for cakes.

"I should be lost without you, my dear," she said, when all was ready and they took their places at the table.

"I must be off early," the boy said, and he started for school at eight instead of half-past.

"I wonder what plan he has in his head," she thought, looking after him. But the dishes were to be washed, the bread to be baked, the children's lessons to be heard, before they went to school, the baby to be washed and dressed, and a half-dozen other things to go through one pair of hands, before dinner time; the house too, must be kept very quiet that Mr. Ainslie might write without interruption. So she had not much time for wondering.

Meanwhile Milton had gone straight to the minister's house, and had been shown to the study.

"Mr. Lee," he said, as he bowed, cap in hand, "would I do for sexton, do you think? I heard on Sunday that the church is looking out for somebody."

"You?" exclaimed the pastor. "Why, Milton, the duties are responsible, and—arduous—yes, I should call them arduous. You go to the professor's daily?"

"I am stout and strong. I can make the fires, sweep the church, ring the bell, clear away the snow, and do all Mr. Nix does, if I can have the wages he earns. I want to keep on with my studies, but I cannot do it unless I can pay my own way. Father cannot afford to pay for me longer."

Mr. Lee's memory went back a few years to his own boyhood. He had not had a rich father to aid him. And he felt thankful every day for the tough experiences which had stiffened his muscles and braced his heart for life and duty.

"I will speak to the committee, Milton," he said, "and I think they will give you a fair trial. It will not be child's play, my boy, but I think there is the stuff men are made of in you."

Summer and winter for the next two years, the Church of Brierton was taken care of by its new sexton, Milton Ainslie. At first some of his companions held themselves a little aloof from him, because of his office, but he did not mind their coldness. He was bent on learning, and to learn he was willing to make sacrifices. His father blushed when he heard what Milton had done, but was ashamed of the blush, as he ought to have been, and his mother uttered no remonstrance. In winter he had many a hard hour's work, many a cold walk in the bitter wind and the dark nights, but when the villagers heard his merry whistle, as he plodded homeward, or caught the gleam of his lantern, they nodded approvingly and more than one said:

"There's grit in Milt Ainslie! He'll be in the pulpit yet."

This was the greatest promotion they could think of.

Away went the weeks and months, and summer visitors, who flocked to Brierton for pure mountain breezes and sweet sunshine, began to notice the gentlemanly young man who was always on duty at the church. He studied as faithfully as he worked, and always had a text-book in his pocket, to use at odd minutes. In due course the time passed, and Milton was ready to go to college. There he found that he had no light task before him, although his diligence and thoroughness so well served him that he gained a scholarship. But a brave heart never flags in the face of difficulty, and he went forward with honor. The day came at last when the Brierton prediction was fulfilled, and the lad who had been sexton was heard in the pulpit, an eloquent preacher of the truth of God. Father and mother, silver-haired now, listened to his voice with deep gladness in their hearts. The fair young daughters, who sat by their mother, were proud of the brother who had thus far proved himself a true man, and Milton Ainslie thanked God and took courage as he looked forward to the coming years.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

IMPRESSIONS OF LEAVES—A SUMMER PLEASURE.

The tools requisite are few and easily prepared. One method is to saturate a sheet of white paper with sweet oil, dry thoroughly, and then pass the paper rapidly back and forth just above the chimney of a smoking-lamp, or an old-fashioned tallow-candle. The wick should be well up, and the movement continued until a fair and even coating of lamp-black has been secured.

To the second process, late experience gives preference. About the smoking-lamp or "tallow dip," pass—as you would the oiled sheet, though somewhat slower—a clean piece of glass (a pane eight inches by ten would be a fair size). With this, keep an even, watchful hand, as smoothness of surface is essential. After a few trials, one will readily learn the depth of "coating" necessary. Experience proves that one must occasionally let the glass cool, as if it gets too hot, it snaps, and the process must be repeated. Put on one thin coating; wait a few minutes; then secure your second—so doing until four or five have bee smoothly laid upon your glass.

Have at hand a piece of heavy cardboard—one a foot square will be large enough; also some bits of thin paper (large enough to cover a leaf), a long pin, a penknife, and an old soft handkerchief. All this accomplished, you are ready for the "pleasure pa-" " of your programme.

Select fresh green leaves. Fo a beginner, small ones are preferable, and such as are somewhat rough on the under surface, since they afford more immediate and satisfactory returns for the labor.

Place the under surface of the leaf upon the blackened paper or glass; lay over it with great care one of the bits of thin paper, through which the leaf can be outlined; and holding all with steady fingers, rub gently, so that every part may receive the coloring matter. The handle of your knife, if smooth, may now be made available, as it gives an even pressure and relieves the fingers. With the long pin, gently turn up the leaf-tips, and see if the black coating has been sufficiently taken up; if satisfactory, raise carefully, and lay the tinted surface upon clean paper; put over it another bit of thin paper, press gently, rubbing with tender touch every part, and here again the smooth-handled knife may come into play; raise presently with the pin, and if the picture is coming out well, an "impression" of surprising beauty will meet your eye.

Variety in depth of tint is desirable, and may easily be obtained. In a collection, leaves faintly touched often prove very effective when contrasted with those of darker hue.

"Impressions" laid upon cream or pink tinted note-sheets, can be easily arranged in book form; and protected by embroidered cover and silken band, are lovely additions to one's parlor-table. Autograph albums would also be suitable in which to store away these summer treasures. In either case, they should be protected by a veil of tissue paper.

We have seen collections so arranged as to leave room for an appropriate quotation, and poets have surely given us of their best, in chanting the praises of these woodland beauties.

It is an added pleasure to mention the location, season, common and botanical name; and if any little legend or story attaches, refer to it briefly.

As an offering to one's friends, nothing more delicate can be prepared; and a suggestion may come in just here, touching prospective Christmas gifts; especially grateful would such woodland tokens be to those who see but little of country life, and can hardly distinguish one tree-leaf from another.

It was to secure an absorbing pleasure for invalid fingers that personal acquaintance sprang up with this most fascinating amusement; one after another, avenues of information opened. A class was formed, botany became a popular study, and "poets of nature" were scanned with eager interest. It is well to begin early in the season. These genial, leaf-developing days are full of promise; and from shrubs directly about us, as well as from "the trees of the wood," an inexhaustible fund of material may be secured. —*F. P. C., in National Baptist.*

ONE TRACT

"Eighteen years ago" (says a missionary in India) "I went to a place called Thengee, where I gave away some tracts. One of these was given to a heathen, a poor wretched creature, who wandered about the country, pretending to be very good and holy, and whom the people worshipped as a god. The tract did him no good that I know of. But he showed it to some of his countrymen. They eagerly read it. They were struck by what it said to them. It told them of things they had never heard before. They were pricked to the heart on account of their sins, and they cried for mercy to the Saviour of sinners. Wonderful to relate, that one tract, placed in the hand of the poor Hindoo, was the means of bringing more than a hundred idolaters to give up their idols, and receive the gospel."

The following is related by Mr. Kincaid: —"A young Karen mountain chief had heard of the Christian religion, which many of the heathen identify with reading Christian books: but this man could not read, as the Karens had then no written language. He insisted that he must learn to read the Christian books, and went two hundred and fifty miles, with three or four companions, expressly to learn to read. The missionary's wife taught him, and in a short time he was able to read. He was in great joy at his success. As he had much influence over twenty or thirty villages, he was extremely desirous to carry home some books. The Burman government, however, was very jealous of all intercourse with foreigners; and the missionaries tried to dissuade him from taking books home with him, as he would be subjected to persecution. But he placed a number of tracts in a basket, and covered them over with plantain-leaves, and thus tried to pass without suspicion. But he was detected, thrown into prison, and doomed to perpetual bondage as a pagoda slave. Through the influence of friends, however, he was released; but even then he refused to go home unless he could take books with him. This time he was more successful, as he was not detected, but reached his home in safety. He immediately taught his neighbors to read; the news spread to other villages, and great numbers came to his house to be taught. He supplied them with food, and so, through his instrumentality, the gospel was spread wonderfully abroad."

"The tract," said Mr. Kincaid, "that led to the conversion of the young Karen mountain chief cost one halfpenny, and yet it was the instrument of bringing him to the feet of Christ. Whose halfpenny was that? No one can tell; but it is recorded in heaven as the offering of Christian love."

"I am sure," says an aged missionary, "that the sending forth of truth on the printed page is, at the present day, in almost every land, one of the best means of doing good. Where the numbers of preachers is so few, and the people are so many, it is the most necessary aid to the minister; and, where there is no living preacher, may even to some extent supply his place."

It is Related that when Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his acquaintances said: "Well, Andrew, I'll give you five pounds, seeing it's you." "No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can't take anything for this cause, seeing it's me," and handed the money back. The man felt reproved; but in a moment he said, "Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus Christ."

Question Corner.—No. 17.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

193. What shepherd saw the burning bush?
194. On what mountain was it seen?
195. What prophet afterward visited the spot?
196. How was this prophet sustained on his journey thither?
197. Who succeeded Elijah as prophet in Israel?
198. What prophet visited Damascus?
199. Why were the first born among the Israelites to belong to the Lord?
200. Whom did the Lord take for his service instead of the first born?
201. What is the meaning of "Bethlehem"?
202. What Jewish woman was buried near that place?
203. What king of Israel was born there?
204. To which tribe of Israel did Christ belong?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Swift of foot and fearless,
Strong and terrible in fight,
Great of heart and careless
Of the glancing weapons bright;
Yet a thing forbidden
To be kept or ridden,
By the people of the Lord,
When the tribes of Israel warred.

Mean, debased, and sordid,
Sprung from a corrupted line:
Yet his name recorded,
Shows an origin divine.
Fragile now, and tender,
Now in power and splendor,
'Tis a paradox involved,
'Tis a riddle unresolved.

By the *first* and *second*
Must the *whole* be brought to light;
Strong in valor reckoned,
Yet not seldom put to flight:
Hark! the battle rages—
Host with host engages!
Yet the strong, the swift may yield,
And the weak may win the field.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

169. Jeroboam, 1 Kings xii.
170. Ravens were sent with food to Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 3, 6.
171. 2 Corinthians ix. 7.
172. Ananias and Sapphira, Acts v. 1, 2.
173. With the Amalekites, Exodus xvii. 8.
174. See Exodus xvii. 8, 11.
175. Abraham, Gen. xvii. 2, 4.
176. Hannah carried a little coat every year to Samuel, who served in the temple, 1 Sam. ii. 19.
177. To Abraham, Gen. xv. i.
178. Paul, Romans xi. 13.
179. Peter, James and John, Matt. xvii. 2.
180. At Gethsemane, Mark xiv. 33; and at the healing of Jairus' daughter, Luke viii. 51.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Ruth—Boaz.—Matt. i. 5.

1. R-aha-*b*—John ii. 8; Heb. xi. 31.
2. U-nt-*o*—Matt. xi. 1.
3. T-ol-*a*—Judges x. i.
4. H-u-z—Gen. xxii. 21.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 15—David McGee, 12; Leslie J. Cornwall, 11 en.

To No. 14.—Ada L. Potts, 12; William C. Wickham, 7; Maggie Sutherland, 12 en; Louisa J. Wensley, 8; Herbert W. Hewitt, 8; Margaret Price, 9 en; David McGee, 11.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON XI.

SEPT. 12.]

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Gen. 22: 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-14.

1. And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold here I am.

2. And he said, take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

3. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up and went unto the place of which God had told him.

4. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

5. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

6. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

7. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?

8. And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together.

9. And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

10. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

11. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I.

12. And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.

13. And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

14. And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh; as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now I know that thou fearest God.—Gen. 22: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God honors the obedience which springs from faith.

INTRODUCTORY.—As this is the last lesson in the history of Abram, it will aid the scholar, in fixing the facts in his mind, to give the chief events of the life of the patriarch in the order of their narration: I. Abram's parentage. 2. Removal from Ur (Gen. 11: 27-32). 3. Call (12: 1-3). 4. Journey through Canaan into Egypt (12: 10-20). 5. Return from Egypt and separation from Lot (13: 1-13). 6. Promise again of Canaan (13: 14-18). 7. Rescues Lot. 8. Met by Melchisedek (14: 1-24). 9. God's covenant with Abram (15: 1-21) 10. Ishmael born. 11. Covenant renewed to Abram and his name changed to Abraham (Gen. 17: 1-27). 12. He intercedes for Sodom. 13. Cities of the plain destroyed.—Lot saved. 14. Abram dwells at Gerar. 15. Isaac born. 16. Hagar and Ishmael cast out. 17. Covenant with Abimelech. 18. Offers Isaac. 19. Covenant again renewed. 20. Death of Sarah and purchase of Machpelah. 21. Isaac married. 22. Death of Abraham (Gen 25: 7-10).

NOTES.—MORIAH, 'chosen of Jehovah." Whether this "land of Moriah" was near Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, or was in the region of Moreh (Gen. 12: 6), has been long in dispute. If the latter view is accepted, then Moriah must be found near Sechem, or modern Nablûs.—JEHOVAH-JIREH, "The Lord will provide."

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE STRANGE COMMAND. (II.) THE WONDERFUL OBEDIENCE. (III.) THE BLESSED RESULT.

I. THE STRANGE COMMAND.—AFTER THESE THINGS, the birth of Isaac at Beersheba, and some years of subsequent residence there; TEMPT, try, prove; God does not tempt to sin (1 James 1: 13). (2.) THINE ONLY SON ISAAC, only son by Sarah, born in Canaan, the one hundredth year; Isaac now, according to Josephus, was about twenty-five years old; MORIAH, either the place where Solomon's temple was afterward built (2 Chron. 3: 1), or a mount near Shechem (see Notes): OFFER HIM THERE, not immoral; for the basis of morality is God's moral character; did not sanction human sacrifices; the conclusion of the history implies condemnation of them. It was simply a trial of faith and obedience, and also possibly to show heathen that His servants made as great exercise as great self-denial for him as others for their gods.

II. THE WONDERFUL OBEDIENCE.—(3.) ROSE UP EARLY, what had to be done must be done at once; CLAVE THE WOOD, lest there should be none on the mountain. (4.) ABIDE HERE, lest they should hinder him; WORSHIP, it was a sublime act of worship; COME AGAIN, prophetic of the return of both. (6.) LAID IT UPON ISAAC, Christ bore His Cross. (7.) GOD WILL PROVIDE A LAMB, from the time of Abel lambs were offered as sacrifice. (8.) GOD WILL PROVIDE, etc., could not yet tell him that he was the lamb. (9.) BOUND ISAAC, no resistance offered; Isaac seems now to know and to yield himself to the command of God. (10.) STRETCHED FORTH HIS HAND, the approaching completion of the act of obedience.

III. THE BLESSED RESULT.—(11.) ANGEL OF THE LORD, the angel of the covenant (Mal. 3: 1), the Lamb of God who was hereafter to be offered. (12.) LAY NOT THINE HAND UPON THE LAD, no such interference when Christ was about to be sacrificed; NOW I KNOW, he knew before, but this was a knowledge, through experiment of YOU HAST NOT WITHHELD THY SON, this surrender of what was dearest, the keystone of Abraham's spiritual experience. (13.) A RAM CAUGHT IN THE THICKET, Isaac, a sinner, could not be a type of Christ's sacrifice; the ram, sinless, was a fit type; IN THE STEAD OF HIS SON, by intention, who withholds not his own; in fact, he offers a substitute for his son. (14.) IN THE MOUNT OF THE LORD IT SHALL BE SEEN, in the height of trial for which God brings His servants. His deliverance shall be seen.

ABRAHAM OBEDIENT. SAVED.

ISAAC OBEDIENT. SAVED.

SEPT. 19.] LESSON XII.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—2 Tim. 3: 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is the Maker and Ruler of the world.

NOTE.—The first three lessons of this quarter relate to the origin of the world, the beginning of sin, and the first work of death; then follows the destruction of the old world. The remaining lessons cluster around the life of Abraham, who is selected to be not only the father of the Jews, but also of God's faithful people to the end of time. The calling of Abraham begins a new period in the history of God's dealings with the human race. His history, and that of his descendants form the principal theme of the remainder of the Old Testament. Abraham was chosen, and in him a family and a nation to be God's witness upon earth, and the repository of His truth until Christ should be born; hence the importance of the lessons which direct our attention to God's dealings with him.

Recall the Title, Golden Text, and Central Truth of each lesson.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.—What books compose the Pentateuch? Who wrote them? From which of the books are our lessons taken? Which of the lessons relate to Creation, Sin, and Death? What lesson tells of the overthrow of the world? To what do the remaining lessons refer? Why is Abraham considered so important a character in the Old Testament?

Beginning OF WORLD. OF MAN. OF SIN. OF DEATH. OF SALVATION.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

I.—Who is the author of all things? From what did He make the heaven and the earth? For what purpose did He make it? What was the first condition of Adam? Where did God place him? What was he to do there? What did God say of everything which he had made?

II.—How long did the happiness of Eden last? What brought it to an end? What was the motive for eating the forbidden fruit? What were the consequences of the sin of our first parents in their relation to us? What mercy did God announce when he pronounced judgment?

III.—Give the names of the first two children. How did each of them worship God? How can we worship God acceptably? With what outward religious act was Cain's sin connected? What showed him to be untruthful? What other facts prove that his heart was not right? What was his fate? Who are said by John to be murderers?

IV.—What is a covenant? Who was the author of this covenant? Why was it made? What was its token? What is the covenant of the New Testament called? Describe this better covenant. In what were the names of Noah's sons? From which of these are we supposed to have descended?

V.—Of what new period in the world's history is the call of Abram the beginning? How soon after the death of Noah was Abram born? Where was Ur? Who started for Canaan with him? To what place did the company come? How long did they stay there? What member of the company finally went to Canaan? Who was the father of Abram, and where did he die? What was Abram to gain by obedience? What to lose?

VI.—What relation was Lot to Abram? What was the difference in their characters? How was it manifested? After the separation, who appeared to Abram? For what purpose?

VII.—How did Lot's choice turn out as to earthly things? What did Abram do for Lot? What King and Priest is here introduced? Of whom was he a type? Which was the superior—Abram or Melchizedek? How do you know? What trait in Abram is revealed by his answers to the king of Sodom?

VIII.—What promises had God before made to Abram? Why had they not yet been fulfilled? Describe the ceremony of an Eastern covenant. Describe the incidents of this covenant with Abram. How was the presence of God manifested? What is said of Abram's belief in God? What was Abram's faith counted to him for?

IX.—What does this lesson teach us in regard to Abram's character? What kind of a city was Sodom? Why did God reveal to Abram his purpose concerning it? Why did Abram pray for it? What are we taught in regard to intercessory prayer? What in regard to importunate prayer?

X.—How was Lot warned? Why were his family included in the warning? Who of them mocked? What haste did Lot show to depart? Who urged him? Where did he go? What became of Sodom? What became of Lot's wife? Where was the site of Sodom?

XI.—What strange command did God give to Abram? Where was the land of Moriah? How did Abram receive the command? Was the sacrifice completed? Who stayed it? Of what was the ram a type? Why could not Isaac be a type? What greater sacrifice was afterward offered near this place?

The Covenant IN EDEN. WITH NOAH. WITH ABRAM. WITH THE FAITHFUL.

THE PENNY POST.

We daresay there are some of our desperately busy men who look on the penny post as an unmitigated bore, and not without some reason. We think it was two hundred and sixty letters that the late Dr. Livingstone received in one day by the penny post, during one of his brief visits to this country. Mr. Gladstone, we suppose, could tell a similar tale. Livingstone was a most conscious and conscientious man, and at first he struggled to overtake the terrible deluge. But after a trial he had to give it up in despair. Fancy a man, after twenty years' absence, returning to his country for a few months, anxious to see something of his family and friends, overwhelmed with public engagements, struggling to write a big book, and under the necessity of being back in Africa by a particular time, lest, losing the river in flood, he should be thrown back a year—fancy him in the fresh vigor of the beginning receiving scores of letters and trying to answer them! The bloom of his strength would be gone before he got to the hard work of the day. Letters are all very well to a lawyer, who, with his fee for every page, can make a very good thing out of them. To a merchant his letters are important, as they constitute a great part of the machinery of his business. But to a man with a laborious occupation otherwise, his letters are a great burden. They don't seem to count for anything. They leave the great work of the day untouched. They don't afford copy for the printer; they are not materials for sermons. Undoubtedly there is a class of men to whom the penny post makes a serious addition to the burdens of life. We believe that it shortened the days of the late Dr. James Hamilton, the delightful but very laborious author of "Life in Earnest." At the new year he used to lay in so many reams of note-paper, and it was incredible how soon the vast stock became exhausted. The halfpenny cards are a relief and a help, as Mr. Gladstone has found. It used to be always a sign of good breeding to answer letters promptly. The neglect of this habit cannot always be reasonably taken in that sense now.

Whatever may have been in the purpose of its first promoters, it is certain that the penny post has had a wonderful effect in realizing one of the articles of the Creed—the communion of saints. It has brought like-minded people into contact from all parts of the country, and we may say from many parts of the world, interested and united them in various departments of Christian life and work, and created a sense of brotherhood previously unknown. To take a single instance or two:—There is a Union of Christians for reading and studying the same chapters of the Bible every day of the year. A scheme is drawn out yearly, sent by post to nearly a hundred thousand members who, as they read, feel that the thoughts and feelings of a vast Christian brotherhood are running in the same channel as their own. It would be interesting to enquire whether this circumstance does not give a new interest and a new power to their reading of the Word of God. Or let us think of the International Sunday-school Lessons. But for the cheapening of postage at home and abroad, that interesting and important form of Christian co-operation would have been impossible. Yet who can calculate the good that may result from a scheme which is fitted to make more valuable and efficient the weekly labors of many hundred thousand Sunday-school teachers, who influence millions of the young in our several churches? If cheap postage had no other effect on Christian life and work, this alone would have made it an incalculable boon.—*Prof. Blaikie, in Sunday Magazine.*

"THE HORRIBLE PIT."

Walking along leisurely to church one evening, my attention was arrested by the pitiful cries of a child not very far off. On looking about I discovered that there was, in an adjacent lot, the ruins of a cellar wall. There seemed to be special attractions about these ruins for the children of the neighborhood, and they used to amuse themselves by running over and around the walls, jumping across the corners, and down into the bottom.

And so, when I heard the cries of a child, I immediately hastened to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and discovered, as I expected, that a little girl had fallen to the bottom of the excavation. She was crying piteously for help. "Oh, I fell and I've hurt myself! Please help me." Bending over the top of the wall I reached down and took her by the hand and helped her to the top, from whence she started homeward a happier and wiser girl.

As I proceeded on my way the words of David occurred to my mind with greater force than ever before: "He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

And so He comes to the fallen one, full of pity and love, and when there is no other eye to pity and no other arm to save, His almighty arm, which is strong to deliver, and mighty to save, is stretched forth, and taking hold we are lifted up out of danger, out of the filth of sin, out of the horrible pit, and placed where we can enjoy the full light and liberty of the children of God.—*People's Journal.*

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